WHEN JACK COMES ASHORE

THE BRITISH SAILORS' "FREE AND EASY! IN WEST STREET.

Cartous Seenes at the Nightly Concert in the Little Back Room-Stolldity Which Neither Ale Nor "Sentimentals" Nor "Comles" Can Stir-Volunteer Solo Singers Who Do Not Require Applause, and a "Professor" Who Never Tires.

The size of the room is no test of its capacity. It is never so crowded that there is not space for one more. They crowd about the professor until he has hardly room to manipulate his fingers, Often he has no opportunity to do himself justice, because one man will be sitting on the treble keys, and another leaning against the piano will entirely cover the bass. But the proor's work lies well in the middle register. When he leaves that it is to go down, and if the

terial, and it would be difficult for a sound to

and its way through. But the door stands open. It leads into the street, and anybody passing or

even a good distance away can easily hear the singing. Nobody in the neighborhood minds

the singing at Nineberg's, however. West street

from the corner of Tenth, where Nineberg's

SOME OF THEM.

saloon stands, up and down for blocks, knows

that the sailors have come ashore and have

The seamen who find their way there are not

of the kind that climb up into the rigging or do any of the things which, in the mind of the

small boy, are the usual business of the sailor.

There are some of these in the crowd at Nine-

erg's, but the majority of the crowd are stew-

ards and cabin boys on the big English liners.

There are engineers and a few stokers, but the

It is after the arrival of one of the big boats

that the crowd at Nineberg's is largest. The

little room where the professor plays and the

saflors sing is back of the corner saloon. The

professor has become a man of great skill. He has played so many accompaniments to songs that he never heard until he started them, while

one of the men sang, that he can manage almost any tune now with the utmost dexterity. His

selling is low, and, but for a brewer's tin sign on

the wall, there is but one picture in the room.

That is the crew of a vessel photographed in the bow of their boat, all of them patrons of Nine-

berg's and certain to turn up there the first

night after their vessel is docked at her pier in

no is against one wall in the little root

gone into the back room for a song.

stewards predominate.

sentimental balled that a short man was singing. The song was eccentric in tune. There must have been six verses, and none of them sounded just like any other one. The singer allowed himself a wide scope in the matter of time. Some verses were fast and some were time. Some verses were fast and some were slow, but there was never any noticeable connection between the sentiment and the tempo. It was a very sad song, with a death in it, and there seems to have been no authority at all for the fast verses; but the einger went through some of them at break-neck speed. The first time he did it the professor was really flustered, but he was prepared for him the next time and the plano struck a bace as lively as the singer's. Whether the song was slow or fast, the chorus was invariably grouned out, like a dirge. The little man who was singing the song always rose on his toes at the end of the verse and held on to the last note. He lifted his arms, and turning to the crowd, would say: "Now, me boys, all sing 'earty." Then the men about the room would join him. The singers did not keep very closely to any one version of the song. The solo-ist also was erratic, but the words he sang most often were something like this:

Louidn't bear to speak, my voice was shakin', and I knew that her poor heart was breakin'; For I locked down, down, in the bed, and knew from what I saw that the little girl was dead.

The singer had a good voice and he enurclated the sanger had a good voice and he enurclated the same of the men about the room what I saw that the little girl was dead.

When he leaves that it is to go down, and if the accompaniment does not follow the valce the singer is able to struggle through a capello.

When the group round the piano does not include everybody in the room the rest will be found at the tables. There are not more than four tables, but there is not room even for them. Twenty men crowd the room and thrity make it look as if it would be difficult for many more to get in. When the smoke is not too thick for you to see the walls, you will notice that they are of pine boards. The ceiling is of the same ma-



That was the form in which this delicate fact

That was the form in which this delicate fact was communicated.

"Comics" did not exhaust the repertory of this singer. His voice grew husky. Frequent ales did not clear it. But there was one sentimental song that he was determined to sing. It was directly concerned with some pathetic event that happened "when the lights were low," and the singer dragged it out dolefully. He got through two verses. The man who had waited for the "sentimental" was drinking it in. Some of the others had gone, and the singer labored more over each succeeding line. In the middle of a verse he suddenly stopped and took his seat. Nobody noticed him, and the accompaniment of the piano went on mechanically.

"Get Jim in," came from a voice in the corner.

"Make him bring in his mouth organ."

Jim was the light-haired barkeeper's assistant. He is an Englishman, but he has been in New York long enough to learn how to amuse himself. He was a wonderful virtuceo on the mouth organ. He played a sailor's horonple, holding the instrument in his mouth first on one side and then on the other. His hands were in his pockets, but he played unremittingly. Then he drank a glass of water. The horonpipe kept steadily on, and it was not interrupted for a most



been at a standatill hereabout for several days on account of the recent storm on the Guif. The heavy seas would make little difference to the fishermen of the keys did they not mean white water, in which the fish will not bite. The bottom is mostly white sand, and this is so stirred after a storm that the water becomes white as milk, and when the water is white the fisherman stays on shore. This causes him considerable loss, for he consumes great quantities of smoking tobacco and some Havana cigars while watching the weather, besides getting no

Fisherman Joe Cudjoe, whose shanty is at present on the south beach of this key, says that he doesn't mind the delay so much on his own account, because there are plenty more days coming after this one; but he feels sorry on acments with gentlemen out on the Gulf, and will not be able to keep them until the sea goes down. "Not that they'd mind a heavy sea," he always adds; he means that appointments of the kind he mentions are best kept when there can be some reasonable pretence of fishing. "Have you any appointments of this kind?"

take any chances, myself. I made but one such trip, and that was only out of friendship, I didn't have any share in the profits."

"It must have been a very interesting trip."

the keys down to the east'ard. When you go down there you'll see more of it, if you get acquainted. But it gave me all I wanted of it, I expected every minute to be hauled up by the revenue cutter, though you don't often hear of such things. There's only one cutter to watch a thousand fishermen, and she can't keep her eye always on all of them. I wasn't used to it, you see, and it made me feel kind of shaky. "Did you have much on board?"
"Not much going out," he chuckled, knock-

ing the ashes out of his pipe; "but we drawed more water coming back. We had to throw

what a fisherman is doing fifty miles out. If he has some fish in the boat and some lines out

what a fisherman is doing fifty miles out. If he has some fish in the boat and some lines out that makes it all right, for he's a right to fish as many miles out as he wants to."

"What did you run in 7 Aguardiente?"

"Good Lord, how should I know? Didn't I tell you that I had no interest in the thing? I tell you that I had no interest in the thing? I tell you that I had no interest in the property in the lots of things in a keg besides aguardiente, I only went along out of friendship for Jack I indicate I only went along out of friendship for Jack I indicate I only went along out of friendship for Jack I indicate I only went along out of friendship for Jack I indicate I in

hind, squirrel, cowfish, trumpet, turbof, moonfish, black and yellow angels, Spanish hegish,
pairot, rainbow, margate, purgy, sailor's choice,
Hamlet, Miss Nix, yellow-tail, ronner, grunt,
snapper, striped snapper, rray snapper,
soldier, Jack, pilot, muliet, grouper, and goat,
That's ail I can think of at this minute, but I
know there's a great many more.

I didn't like the notion of throwing overboard ail the big fish we hauled in that morning, but that's what we did. We couldn't carry
the weight. You see, a sharple's not a very big
boat, and with two men in her and the cargo we
expected to get after dark, we had to be careful. We kept a lot of the little fellows, and
dragged in a good stock of gulf weed to let
them lis in to keep fresh; at least that was what I
thought it was for, but I learned better afterward. I didn't know any more about the business than you do. I was so green at it that I
thought at first we were to run over to the
Cuban coast after our carge. I thought that
was the reason we started so early, and when
we stooped to fish I asked Jack about it.

"To Cubey! says he; 've're not a goin' to
Cubey, please Gawd. Ve're a goin' to get our
cargo nearer than Cubey,' says he.

"That was a sticker for me. We were after a
Cuban cargo, for sure, and where we were going
to get it unless we went to Cuba was more than
I could see. But Jack was a little cross on account of his lame arm, so I just waited. He had
some full-blooded havana cigars along, and
something in a jug that made a man feel like a
sixteen-year-old boy, so I didn't want to find
any rault. There was plenty to eat, too, and
time went fast-cough. Toward the middle of
the afternoon we stood off west'ard toward Rebecca Shoal, and before sunset we raised the
lighthouse. As soon as we got the tip of it out
of the water we shoved about to the south ard,
and cracked on all the sail she could carry in a
stiff southeast breeze. We hadn't been on this
course many minutes before I saw something
bearing down on us from the west'ard.

"W

bearing down on strom the west'ard.

"What's that? said!; "a steamer?

"What's that? said!; "a steamer?

"What's that? said!; "a steamer?

Isane. She'll be hup vith us in about 'arf an ane. She'll be hup vith us in about 'arf an ane. She'll be hup vith us in about 'arf an ane. She'll be hup vith us in about 'arf an ane. She'll be hup vith us in about 'arf an ane. She'll be hup vith us he was bond for Key West, and would lie in harbor there uil night. That was just what he wanted, so we luffed around and made out to be fishing while she passed us, and as soon as she was huil down we stood on our course again.

"For more than four nours we kept a bone in the sharple's mouth. That's sailor's talk. When a bout cuts along fast eneugh to make a white foam at her bow the sailors say she has a bone in her mouth. About six hours more would have taken us into Havana, for we were headed dead for it. But there was nothing we wanted to see less than Havana. The moon came up between 8 and 8 o'elock, and we had a clear sweep of the water for miles in every direction. It was after it before we sighted anything, and then we got just a glimpse of the moon lighting up the water for miles in every direction. It was after it before we sighted anything, and then we got just a glimpse of the moon lighting up the court a small solved minutes later we made her out a small solved minutes later we made her out a small solved minutes later we made her out a small solved minutes later was burnt for a few seconds on the sloop. That made everything plain enough. A blind mat could see that this signal had been arranged beforeing the that before plust such a flare was burnt for a few seconds on the sloop. That make everything plain enough. A blind mat could see that this signal had been arranged beforeing to do the thought it out for my-sell before. Here was a clear distance of a hundred miles, we'll say, between the Florida keys and the Cuban chaot. For a Cuban to come over to the keys, or for a key man to go over to Cuba. would be a long run

The second control of the control of

BROOKLYN DAS A CLAIM OF NEAR-LY \$1,000,000 AGAINST IT.

t Looks as If the Claim Would Eventually Re Collected, or the Property Sold-The City Is Ahead in the Long Litigation. There is a prospect that the prolonged litigation between Edward H. Litchfield and the other heirs of the Litchfield estate and the

city of Brocklyn over the collection of the

arrears of taxes and assessments which have

been steadily accumulating for a period of nearly twenty years, and now reach about \$1,000,000, will soon come to an end. Recent decisions also indicate that the Litchfields will either have to settle up with the city or submit to the sale of the property. The con troversy has been going on in the courts for

large fortune in lawyers' fees.

The property involved is located in the Twenty-second ward, and most of it adjoins Prospect Park, in which the fine mansion of the Litchfields was located. The building was the finest private residence in Brooklyn forty years ago, and still remains substantially in its original shape. It is now used as the police station for

In the land purchased for the park, and acres of it cover the park slope district. For years the latter laid waste, but gradually it was sold for building purposes, and it is now considered among the most valuable property in Brooklyn. Its value must necessarily increase with the en-largement of the town, and the owners would

among the most valuable property in Brooklyn. Its value must necessarily increase with the enlargement of the town, and the owners would not be likely to part with it for fully three times their indebtedness to the city.

Until the passage of the arrears law, which was drawn up by Wm. M. Evarts during Mayor Low's administration, in 1883, there was great confusion on the subject of collecting arrears of taxes, and, at the close of that year, the total amount in arrears footed up over \$10,000,000. In this was included 200 or more parcels of property belonging to the Litchfield heirs started their fight with the city, and it has been carried on ever since. Defeated from court to court, until the case went to the Court of Appeals, they finally attacked the constitutionality of the law in the United States Court, but were again worsted. After the decision in the United States Court the Registrar of Arrears advertised the property for sale, and to prevent it going under the hammer, the Litchfields had to resort to injunction proceedings. Last week Chief Justice Clement of the City Court handed down a voluminous decision on this latest phase of the controversy, and one by one he swept away the contentions of the owners, and held that the taxes are due the city, and that it has the right to collect them and to sell the property in case the owners refuse to pay up.

In view of the vast amount of money involved, however, he thinks the Litchfields are entitled to have his decision reversed by the General Torm. As Mr. Litchfield has expressed dis determination to axain go to the Court of Appeals before giving up the fight, another year is likely to clapse before the case has been settled for good. Mayor Schieren and the other city authorities are greatly elated over Judge Clement has said, unless the Litchfields agree to pay in a substantial amount on account. The Registrar of Arrears said:

"Upon the application for a preliminary injunction, Judge Clement allowed Mr. Litchfield to select the parcels upon which he was to p

AFTER DEWEY'S SCALP.

The Republicans Now Want the Secretary. ship of the Board of Regents. ALBANY, Aug. 3.-The Republican spoilsmen

have their eyes on another office in the State departments, that of Secretary of the Board of Regents. It is a \$5,000 place, and the incumbent, Melvill C. Dewey, has no politics. neither a Democrat nor a Republican, he does not affiliate with the Mugwumps, and though he is suspected of being a Prohibitionist he has given no evidence of being a member of the cold-water party. Unfortunately for the man his zeal has exceeded his discretion, and he has antagonized nearly all the State officials in small ways, from Senate Clerk John Kenyon, whose domain he encroached upon when he extended the shelf room of the State Library two years ago, to Gov. Morton, whom he is accused of sub-merging in a flood of petitions for and against the Temperance Education bill. Superintendent Charles R. Skinner of the Department of Public Instruction was a particeps criminis in this last effort, as he started the petitions against the bill, but those for the measure were aided by

effort, as he started the petitions against the bill, but those for the measure were aided by Secretary Dewey, whose scalp the whole Republican machine of the State is now said to be after.

Secretary Dewey, since he came into office, has brought the State Library up to a condition of usefulness never before attained, and has brushed the dust off the Regents of the university and made the department a feature of the State's educational system. But he has been very aggressive in doing it, and has for the list few years practically absorbed the Board of Regents and made them but official registrars of his schemes by way of resolutions deftly arranged before they met for their adoption. Even Regents Whitelaw Reid and St. Clair McKelway forget their propensity to kick when once under the hypnotic spell of Mr. Dewey, either in his official capocity as Secretary of the Board, or as State Librarian, or Pooh-Bah in general. He has hypnotized two successive Legislatures and Governors, and persuaded them into enacting new laws and repealing old ones, till scarce a yestige of this ancient bend of our peculiar educational system is to be found. He is a markel of energy, persistence, and mental activity, and, therefore, a mystery to the average State official and habitue of the capital. Last winter he sought to establish a printing plant in the capital, and though he failed to get an appropriation of \$37,000 for it, he succeeded in arousing the antagonism of organized labor leaders, who have been fold that he gets more work for his money than any other State officer, and they have begun to work for his dismissal. his dismissal.

As the Board of Regents is and has been

As the Board of Regents is and has been largely Republican the party is held responsible for Secretary Deace, and the wheels in the machine have begunto move toward him. Fx-Superintendent of Public Instruction Andrew S. Draper, who is not row a resident of this State, it is add will be asked to return to New York and take the place. If he will not give up his present place in Ohio some Republican will be round to take the \$5,000 salary, even if he cannot do the work.

Police Captala Murphy Buried.

funeral of the late Police Captain. Michael J. Nurphy, former commander of the West 199th street station, who died at his residence, No. 159 West 104th street, on Wednesday morning, was held at 11 o'clock yesterday morning from the lioman Catholic Church of the Holy Name, at Ninety-sixth street and Amsterdam avenue. A solution high mass of requiring was celebrated by the Rev. James M. Calligan, the Restor, the Reve. Edward N. Higgins and Joseph D. Curley acting respectively

For an nour before the funeral procession left the house the street was crowded with people. The parior where the heavy lay was nearly filled with handsome foral pieces sent by the late Captain's Triends and members of the police

force.

The pall hearers were Police Captains O'Connor, Belaney, Schultze, and Westervelt, and acting Captains Conserved, and Thomas Walker. With them were Capt. Haughey and acting Captain Wiegand.

Twenty carriages, containing the family and their friends, followed the heares to the church. Upon the conclusion of the services there the body was taken to the Ninety-second street ferry, and thence to the cemetery, accompanied only by the family.

GAMMEYER? MEANS STANDARD OF MERIT.

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STAMBULOFF'S SATANIC CRUELTY.

A Singular Story Told by the Brother of

the Man Accused of the Bulgarian Patriot's Murder A Boy Burned Alive. Naoum Tufekeheu, who has been arrested at Sofia on suspicion of being the murderer of M. Stambuloff, has a brother studying at the university at Liège, who recently told a reporter of the Paris Figure a remantic story of the reasons his family had for hating Stambuloff. He asserted his belief that his brother is innocent of the crime of which he is accused, while the reporter found it difficult to believe the story he told. This is what he said:

"My brother, like a great many other Macedo-nians living in Sofia, was a close friend of Major Panitza, who had taken up the demands of Macedonia, whose rights were and still are overlooked in spite of the Treaty of Berlin. It was simply a friendship, however, such bound my brother, for instance, to M. Petkoff, Mayor of Sofia and Stambuloff's friend.

" When the Panitza plot broke out, ending in the condemnation and execution of the conspirator, my brother was studying here at the Large University. He had been noticed by the Prince of Battenberg, and had been sent by him to finish his education in Belgium, with money from his private purse. He promised him a place as equipment officer in the Bulgarian army on his return. After the discovery of the plot many persons were arrested at Sofia. By Stambuloff's order all those who in any way had been connected with Panitza were included. Among them the tyrant arrested my youngest brother, Deutcho, only 17 years old, who had just come from Macedonia to finish his studies at the Sotia high school.

"Stambuloff, it appears, believed that the Bulgarians living at Liège were in constant correspondence with Panitza. For six long months he subjected the little fellow to torture that cannot be imagined, in trying to draw from him the admission that Naoum, my older brother, was connected with the plot. The boy knew nothing: Stambuloff could get nothing out of him; he had exercised his ingenuity, however, in multiplying the most dreadful tortures, till one day in his presence the executioners in his pay tore out the nails from the hands and feet of the poor martyr, and made him endure still more barbarous acts.
"The boy, who behaved like a hero to the very

end we found out all the details when the tyrant was overthrown and we have proofs of all I tell you refused steadfastly to Naoum. At last, exasperated, he spat in Stambuioff's face, crying out, "Tyrant, I despise thee; thou shalt know nothing.' That decided his fate. Stambuloff had kerosene poured over him

and he was burned alive.
"Stambaroff's accusation when he was dying is explained as follows: He must have felt remorse for the atrocasus death of Dentcho, if he had any human feeling left. Knowing that his life was in constant uanger, he probably believed that my family wished to avenge the martyr. Consequently, as he hardly preserved his senses after the crime, he must have named my older brother as one of the probable assassine.

Br. Egun to Sail tor Europe.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, who, until recently, was Professor of English literature at Netre Dame University, Indiana, has been chosen to the professorship of English literachosen to the professorable of English litera-ture at the Cacholic University of America, Washington, B. C. Die Egan wall sall from this port for English of the contemplated English course at textord. For some time past he has been looking over the ground at Charlamora, and also at the Catholic Estimore School, where he is one of the lecturers. He is not only a pro-fessor of literature, but has in recent times given to the literary world several works of his own in romance and in poetry.

ple's Life Insurance Company of New York city to commence business. The capital of the company is \$100.000. The incorporators and directors are 4.4. Hatte, 9. H. Mayer, W. E. Lowe, E. F. Carley, D. Calman, L. G. Rescabbatt, A. G. Vogitt, Bariel Hatt, L. L. Wies, F. G. Vanylet, 4. G. Urrayan, J. W. Darbrow, E. J. S. Van Houten, R. M. Payle, and C. S. Braisted.



The only one ever among the men in the back room who is not English is Nineberg himself, He drops in rarely during the evening, however, and his thick German accent is not heard often enough to disturb the thoroughly British atmosphere of the place. The first word the pror speaks convinces anybody that he is English. Even the blond bartender, who resembles an ordinary New York youth of 16 and talks more as does an American than any of the other men in the place, is English, and he is saving up money now to go back home. That the men sitting at the tables, most of them amoking cutty pipes and every one of them with a glass of ale before him, are all English is unmistakable. Their speech would prove it if their clothes did not. In the crowd there on Tuesday night there were several mon to uni form, but must of them were drussed in civil-

The professor was at the plane the other joined. The soloist had a strong bass voice, night, keeping up as well as he could with a which had toude quality given by more glasses ian's clothes.

It was not much after 9 then, but the hours at Nineberg's are early. The professor, who plays in a church on Sundays, was extemporizing on the plano. Only two or three in the purty were talking. The rest were drawing on their outry pipes, and the air was white with smoke. The only animated figure in the scene was the white-aproned barkecper, who appeared periodically at the door and set down the ale that he knew was wanted. "Come on, 'Arry," said one of the men. "I'm goin." The man he spoke to was lying back in his chair, his legs stretched out on the floor. He had said nothing for half an hour. "I'm not goin'y ett." he said, turning to the man who had risen from his seat. "Not till I hear one more sentimental one."
"Come, give us a song, somebody," said the professor, turning on his seat to face the crowd; "you, there, Bill, come up here and give us one."
Bill shook his head. Nobody else anoke.

"FREE AND EASY" AT NINEBERG'S.

"yon, there, Bill, come up nere and give us one."

Bill shook his head. Nobody else spoke.
"Come, there." continued the professor, who knew his crowd. "One of you boys must know a good one. It ain't but a quarter past 9."

Two men came in as he spoke. One of them was a dark-haired, swarthy fellow. He wore a reefing jacket and a tarpaulin cap.
"I'm your man, Lynch," he said to the planist. "I've got a good one. Do you know 'Uncle Joe?" Lynch didn't know it, but he was certain



"A SENTIMENTAL." he could get it if the man would only hum the air. The fellow made his way through the

air. The fellow made his way through the group to the plano.

"It's like this," he began, leaning down to the professor's ear: "Tum, tee, tee, tum, tee, tee—waitz time. Giveit to me in C."

The plano started with an accompaniment in waitz time. Some of the crowd started phlesmatically at the singer. Most of them continued looking straight ahead. They all knew the fellow and probably the song, and there seemed to them no necessity for wasting time in greetings or o mment. In three weeks' time, when the boat had made her trip over and had come back again to New York, the same fellow would probably sing the same song again here in Nineberg's back room. The only thing that altered the situation was the amount of ale. There was no tenough of it about that night to occasion any excitement. So the song commenced without arousing the crowd



FROM THE BAR.

to any expressions of enthusiasm. It was a "comic," relating the various disasters that befell a certain Uncle Joe, who sent for two of his nephews to come up to London and see the town when his wife was off on a vacation. He went to the theatre, drank too much, punched a constable, and was fined five shillings in a police court. The recital of these incidents did not move the hearers to hilarity. Some of them smiled faintly with the air of welcoming an old acquaintance and trying to do it kindly.

We went down to Uncle Joe, O.

We went down to Uncle Joe, O. He said Aunt was out of town, O. And in a half a trigger Re'd show us all the jigger and what there was in Own, O.

It's the good old annual, the good old annual, For it happens only once a year.



to a condition of real lively enjoyment than they had been before during the evening. This success was followed by another song, which detailed the mortifying experiences of a woman who lived in the east end of London and had a pimple on her nose. Wherever she went, the pimple betrayed her and no end of good clothes or hats enabled her to escape the recognition of her friends: For you could tell her by the pimple, simple pimple, You always knew that pimple on her nose.



of ale than any other man in the room had drunk. There was no note too high for the singer to attempt it. He started up at it, and if he reached it so much the better; if he did not, it made no difference. When he fluished the story of Uncle Joe's misfortunes the silence that had followed the other songs greeted him. He was not discouraged.

"The you know 'The Good Old Annual?" he asked the professor didn't, but he thought he could pick it up. There was another preliminary humming, and the singer and plane were in accord. "The Good Old Annual, was a term that the verses applied to a variety of occurrences. The refersh was a repetition of the words, "good old annual," and they were made to apply to a bath, a baby, a new suit of ciothes, and almost anything that might come once a year:

NIGHT TRADE WITH CUBA.

BOW RUM AND CIGARS ARE SMUG-GLED INTO THE FLORIDA KEIS.

Why the Fisherman Prefers Moonlight Nights-Great Fishing OS the Western Dry Rocks, but More Money in Meeting a Friend from the Cuban Coast-Dodging Revenue Cutters and Storing the Goods. Key Boca Grande, Fia., Aug. 1.—Fishing has been at a standatill hereabout for several days.

he was asked. "Nary a one," he answered emphatically, "and never did have. I catch nothing but fish —real fish, with fins and tails. I don't care to

The old man seemed half in the humor for talk-ing, but he had to be led along carefully.

"Well," he answered, "about so so. You see, it's not the lively work hereabouts that it is in

away a 250-pound jewfish to lighten the boat."
"Then you really did some fishing?"
"Of course. There's always some fishing done.
The cutter might come along and want to know

stuff overboard and just be fishing, if the cutter happens along.

"It was when Jack Pinder, as I call him, was living on West Crawlish Key, not quite two years ago. I had my shanty then on Saipe Key, about two miles to the northerd. I knew that Jack was don' a little pipeline business with

THE LITCHFIELD ESTATE.

6TH AVE., CORNER 20TH ST.

sixteen years in one shape or other, and has already cost the Litchfields, it is thought, a

the Prospect Park squad.

Parts of the Litchfield estate were included

as deacon and sub-deacon. The interment was in Calvery Cemetery.

A New Life Insurance Company, ALBANY, Aug. 3. - perintendent of Insur-ance James P. Pierce has authorized the res-

Newspaper Consultation.

all ATOGA. Aug. ii. The Press and Suratogian, Republican daily newspapers of this city, have consolidated and on and after Monday next will be issued from the same building under the management of John W. Howe, present manager of the Press. The former paper will be continued as an evening edition and the latter as a morning paper. The politics of the papers will remain unchanged.